

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

NUMBER 4283

6 NOVEMBER, 1937

SIXPENCE

LORD NUFFIELD is Master of Arts (of the art of giving wisely) of Oxford University. This is an unusual distinction, not to be compared with honorary degrees conferred yearly on men of eminence, but the modern method of recognising benefactors. The oldest way was to incorporate their names in bidding prayers or in those curious survivals from another age, the Latin grace before meat in Hall. Lord Nuffield's latest contribution of £150,000 to his trust for the prevention or cure of those crippled or in danger of being crippled by deformity, disease or injury, shows once more the bent of his mind. It is not only a noble gesture but a proof—there are many others—that he is determined to play the great part which private wealth can play in the national health campaign.

CANON SHEPPARD, who died suddenly this week, was one of the strangest products of our times. He was not a great man in the Victorian sense but his was a great personality. In spite of a disease of which it has been said that there are many treatments but no cure he was impelled by a restless vitality to plunge into the whirlpool of modern life. An epitaph on a dean of long ago declared proudly that he preached for forty years in his cathedral "entirely without enthusiasm." No one could use that phrase of Dick Sheppard. The Church of England is still a little suspicious of enthusiasm, but Sheppard was not in the Anglican tradition. In life there was something of the spirit of Wesley and—may we add?—of General Booth. In the historic settings of Canterbury and St. Paul's he seemed to outsiders strangely out of place, but there is ample evidence that he was welcome in both. His friends were among those of wide vision who understood his stimulating effect on a church of lessening appeal to the young, and also among the poor and out-cast, publicans and sinners. His only critics, and he had some, were little men who saw in him a dash of the charlatan and the adventurer. Of course he was neither. His only fault, if it be a fault, was that his heart led him rather than his head. He fought, as Matthew Arnold said of Oxford, in causes which are not ours, but to many, both for him and against him, he was the "adorable dreamer." As was written of one of higher standing in this world,

He died in harness: the impending stroke
Shook not his nerve, nor his high courage broke.
A man greatly beloved.

SO THE SCOTS GREYS are to remain on horseback, and Napoleon's terrible grey horses are given at least a reprieve. So Mr. Hore-Belisha, the War Secretary, informed Parliament on Tuesday, and the news has been widely welcomed. It is a little difficult to understand his

denial of any foundation for the rumours which have been circulating for some months. If there was no foundation for them, could they not have been denied earlier, and much anxiety spared not only among members, present and retired, of one of our most famous and historic regiments? The Army must be and is being brought into line with the conditions of modern war, but happily the Army is not always fighting. What are called ceremonial occasions play an invaluable part in preserving its traditions and in stimulating the public interest. But all's well that ends well, and Scotland stands where she stood.

MECHANISATION IS THE ORDER of the day, but the world still apparently has its affection for the horse as a means of locomotion. Canada, for example, finds that her industry of exporting horses of what is known as the saddle type is extremely profitable. A shipment of twelve of them has just arrived for the Trinidad Constabulary, the fifth consecutive annual shipment from Canada to that island. There is also a good demand for Canadian-bred horses of the saddle and hunter types in the United States and in this country, while Canada's draft horses are also finding a ready market here. Recently a shipment of fifty Clydesdales and Percherons left Montreal for London. Most of them were raised in the West and were personally selected in Montreal by English buyers.

EIGHT THOUSAND SEALSKINS from Canada are being imported into the United Kingdom this season, and the first batch of this large consignment has already arrived. This interesting import is a reminder of the existence of a remarkable treaty between the United States, Canada, Japan and Russia. It is a sealing treaty which controls the fur seal industry of the Pribiloff Islands in the Bering Sea. It was signed in 1911 to prevent the complete destruction of the seals through uncontrolled slaughter, and under its provisions only the United States is allowed to capture the seals, on condition that she retains only a percentage. A share of the catch, amounting to 15 per cent., goes to Canada every year. At one time the Dominion sent these to the United States to be dressed, but now they all come to England. Since the Agreement became operative the number of seals has grown to well over one and a half million, as compared with a diminishing handful of 125,000 twenty-five years ago.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM is taking a plaster-cast of an ancient bronze image, which it has had in its possession for over one hundred years, for the Colombo Museum. The image is the goddess of Chastity, once worshipped in ancient Ceylon and which was also believed to have heal-

ing powers in cases of smallpox. It was taken from Ceylon and sent to England by Sir Robert Brownrigg, the first Governor of the whole Island, in 1812. The authorities in Ceylon asked for its return, not for the purposes of worship but by reason of the fact that it is the only one of its kind in the world and that Ceylon is its rightful home. Unfortunately, the Trustees of the British Museum have no authority to part with objects in their custody, an Act of Parliament being necessary before any such action can be taken. Accordingly, a plaster-cast was deemed the next best thing, and this is being taken and will be sent to Ceylon.

ONE OF THE largest power stations in North America is about to be constructed near Three Rivers, Quebec. The enterprise is typical of a country which is probably the most electrically-minded in the world. The total cost will run to three-quarters of a million dollars. The construction of this station is a major step in the projected development of what is known as the Upper St. Maurice River, which will eventually bring to industrial areas in the Province over a million horse power. The robust revival of the paper and asbestos industries and the general increase in manufacturing activities in the Province are the reasons for this important development.

MISS MIRIAM PIERIS, daughter of the Ceylon Trade Commissioner in London, will be one of the "stars" of the new London Film Production film, "The Drum." Miss Pieris has made a life study of Eastern dances, many of them thousands of years old which have taken years to learn, and has therefore arranged the dances of the Indian dancing girls appearing in the film. Miss Pieris will perform a solo dance, "Temple Bells," before Raymond Massey, who plays the part of a sinister and treacherous chief. Miss Pieris is also a fine pianist as well as a dancer. She was presented at Court this year.

"THE UNQUIET SPIRIT," by Jean-Jacques Bernard, translated by John Leslie Frith, has succeeded *Mr. Gladstone* at the Gate Theatre. A greater contrast can hardly be imagined, for M. Bernard's play is as fragile and translucent as a soap bubble. The significance one understands perfectly, and yet if one tries to explain it in ordinary words the whole meaning seems to break and disappear. Catherine Lacey, that fine actress last seen in *Judgment Day*, has a most difficult part to play, yet she manages to keep the balance of emotion on the right side of the scale in scenes where over-acting would have reduced the play from the sublime to the ridiculous. Douglas Burbridge, as the patient and forbearing husband, though seemingly so dull as to have rendered the marriage an impossibility, justifies this reading of the part in the last scene. The other players make a restful background and a welcome relief from the tension created by the chief character.

"RHAPSODY ON ICE," at Covent Garden, is an attempt to fuse skating into ballet dancing, an ambitious effort, but impossible to

carry out with any real success owing to the difficulty of timing and placing due to the slippery surface. Perhaps if all dancers learnt to skate and all skaters were trained dancers perfection in Ice Ballet might be attained, though this is extremely doubtful, for point dancing is very ineffective on skates and stopping on a given beat a matter of difficulty. However, the art is as yet in its infancy, and much may be attained by experience and hard work. The skating of the soloists at Covent Garden is superb. The fourteen-year-old Maria Belita, who has some ballet training to her credit, is as fine a skater as one could wish to see: every movement is carried out with effortless grace. Phil Taylor's exciting acrobatic feats are prodigious examples of what can be done on ice, and the waltzing of Mlle. Andrée Joly and Pierre Brunet is skating at its best. Perhaps the palm should be given to Eric Wait, who, as a drunken fakir, unable to keep his balance, is not only funny but also a really clever performer. The music is not too well chosen, nor is it played with enough precision. Furthermore, the staging of the Ballets is unwise. It is difficult to reconcile an Eastern setting with skating, but then, it is equally difficult to picture the dead on skates, yet the Dance of Skeletons is the most successful of the ensembles. Altogether a rather bewildering performance.

THE NEW ODEON CINEMA in Leicester square was opened last week before a huge concourse of people headed by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. It stands on the site of the old Alhambra, and there are now three super cinemas and no theatres in what used to be the heart of theatre-land. The new building has imitation leopard skin seats, with an auditorium of dull gold through which run curious ribs that circle the place from floor to ceiling and back again. The whole is unrelieved, except for a group of figures on either side which seem to be in a hurry to join the screen. The opening presentation, the proceeds of which went to charity, was our old friend, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, with Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in the chief rôles. The dialogue has been modernised, thus effectively ruining the spirit of the original, and, though the settings are romantic enough, the flavour of the book has been almost entirely lost. The result falls flat and, with the exception of the Rupert of Hentzau of Douglas Fairbanks, jun., the torch of high adventure burns dimly. Madeleine Carroll's Flavia is handsome enough, but bloodless; Ronald Colman's Rassendyl, correct, but without flair.

IN THE CITY there has been almost literally "nothing doing" this week, partly owing to holidays abroad and partly to causes which made business difficult for investors and dangerous for speculators during the last few weeks. There is no sign of a slump, and the revival of trade continues steadily. British Government securities remain firm—a fact which is no doubt due to the firmer line which we are now in a position to take in foreign affairs. Mr. Eden's speech has clearly strengthened the national position.

Leading Articles

MR. EDEN'S SPEECH

IT is an appalling thing to think that our Foreign Secretary can be "appallingly frank" without producing any appalling consequences. What diplomatic earthquakes would have shaken the world if Palmerston or Lord Salisbury had ever condescended to the level of "appalling frankness"? The phrase might be admitted for Lord Baldwin whose lips, whether sealed or unsealed, never startled the universe, but one had hoped that this country had resumed its grip on reality and that its representatives could once again speak as their predecessors spoke, preferring meiosis to exaggeration. It is quite startling enough for a diplomatist to be frank, since frankness in his job can only be a camouflage of the truth. Frankness only becomes appalling, if he gives away his cards to his opponent without advantage to himself or his partner. Disraeli's special train, which tradition alleges, brought us peace with honour stands as a perfect example of valid diplomatic frankness. Mr. Eden's language can only be excused by the debasement of the Englishman's vocabulary and intelligence on which the vast edifice of the popular Press is built. The real meaning of words has been undermined to such an extent that no verbal expression is left for anything out of the common or superlatively great. Everything is appalling and awful, though no one is appalled or awed.

Yet in relation to the immediate past Mr. Eden's speech has definite merits. There was a hint of Palmerston in the declaration: "We offer co-operation to all, but we accept dictation from none." There is nothing to be said against co-operation with our friends, with those who have the same aims and purpose, but how can any nation co-operate with such a Government as Soviet Russia which is the declared enemy of everything on which our civilisation is based? Yet as things are, Russia seems to be our own peculiar friend. Mr. Eden was at pains to explain that the non-intervention scheme was quite as favourable to the Reds as to General Franco, indeed he made it pretty clear that the value of the international volunteers was more than counter-balanced by the quantities of material poured into the Spanish Government ports. That is fine for Russia which craves for an export trade. The Soviet can pat itself on the back since the propaganda in Spain which is the fundamental cause of the present civil war has been paid for over and over again by the sale of goods to the so-called Spanish Government. That Government had the gold and no doubt the goods have been paid for on the nail. Then the Soviet is quite as proud of its aeroplanes operating in Spain as the Duce of his volunteers. We are told that the Republican Air Force has a crushing superiority and that the German and Italian aircraft are entirely outclassed. If the Soviet is telling the truth, it cannot be doubted that these superior machines came from Russia.

General Franco has command of the sea. If the Spanish civil war had been treated in a normal

fashion, he would have been granted belligerent rights long ago and the vast stream of goods and material poured into Spain by Russia would have been dammed. Mr. Eden steered clear of all exaggeration when he contradicted the lie that nine-tenths of the Spanish nation were pro-Government and one-tenth pro-Franco. He suggested that the proportion was half and half, but the absurdity of that estimate is shown by the fact that it is based on a calculation made by a French Communist newspaper. It can safely be said that a large majority of the Spanish population is openly or secretly on General Franco's side. He holds nearly two-thirds of the country. Surely there is everything to be said for the German and Italian demand that he should be at once accorded belligerent rights. Once that concession was made it would be easy for this country to insist on the withdrawal of any foreign volunteers who might threaten the independence of New Spain and on the protection of all its interests in the Mediterranean. Surely that would be better than supping with Russia, inadequately equipped with a long handled spoon. Russia has had a glorious time causing trouble in Western Europe and pursuing the policy which made her concentrate her efforts on sowing trouble in the Peninsula. It is quite clear from M. Maisky's attitude that the Soviet is determined to keep open the Spanish market until the last. As soon as Franco has belligerent rights, ships carrying Russian merchandise and material of war will find the gate closed. From every point of view it would seem desirable to show M. Maisky the door and that gesture would make it easy to come to an arrangement with Italy, which would guarantee our legitimate interests in the thoroughfare of the Mediterranean.

The weakest point in Mr. Eden's speech is that which has been most loudly applauded in a portion of the British Press. He spoke of Italy as a country which had as an outcome of the Great War gained very considerable accessions of territory in Europe and also received territorial concessions in Africa from countries which were its allies. Those who make a jibe at the expense of others should make sure they are not living in a house of glass. There are still many people alive who remember the efforts that were made to bring Italy into the war on our side and the promises that were made and broken. If memory serves, there was a Treaty of London of which the conditions were never fulfilled. If there had been a Mussolini at the head of Italy when the day of settlement came, it is likely that the Allies would not have been so lightly shot of the undertakings they had given when their backs were against the wall. No doubt even Mr. Lloyd George would find it difficult to square the promises made with possibility, and even more difficult to identify the territorial accessions and concessions with the promised land. In the circumstances it would seem tactless to twit a Power with which we are admittedly anxious to be on friendly terms with having done well out of the War when the answer comes pat that only a fraction of the promised fee was actually paid.

For the rest, Mr. Eden dealt faithfully with Mr. Lloyd George and apparently reduced him from hostility to congratulations. Our Eldest Statesman,

who less than twenty years ago seemed to hold all the cards, must sometimes be surprised that he has no followers and that no party is eager for the support of his unequalled eloquence. There is no living man in any Parliament who has Mr. Lloyd George's power of oratory, no one with his experience and reputation of achievement. Yet he remains in the wilderness, unconsidered and untrusted. Like another famous Liberal, he ploughs his lonely furrow in the sand and all his gifts are utterly wasted. There are many reasons why his brilliant future lies behind him, and one of them was well exemplified by the speech on foreign affairs to which Mr. Eden replied—his utter irresponsibility. In that speech he gaily outlined a policy which led direct to war on grounds which the Foreign Secretary easily proved were without foundation. No one in this country could sleep easily for a moment—and Heaven knows there is enough in the international situation as it is to murder sleep—if Mr. Lloyd George were in power.

Mr. Eden's references to the League of Nations call for little criticism. We are all agreed that it would be a splendid state of affairs if all nations consented to be bound by international law and if the force against any potential aggressor was overwhelming. Unhappily, as things are, only three Great Powers out of seven are members of the League, and its power is anything but overwhelming. So we must just do what we can to be the strong man armed.

THE TWAIN DO MEET

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
judgment seat.

TRUE, no doubt, this famous dictum of Kipling's as a broad generalisation. But there are exceptions to most general rules and to this one among others. The Bikaner Jubilee celebrations that have been in progress in this Indian Rajput State during the past week are a reminder that the Ruler who has been distributing "boons" to his subjects and receiving the homage of the nobles of his State and of representatives of the Bikaner Army and civil authorities in an impressive ceremonial Durbar, combines in his own person in astonishing degree the best attributes and qualities of both East and West.

His Highness can be when he likes and the occasion demands both the polished English gentleman, thoroughly practical soldier-statesman, and the Eastern Monarch, delighting in all the splendours of ancient ceremonial and endeavouring to live up to the old Hindu ideals of Kingship as set forth in the Shastras and prescribed by the Coronation oath which the old Hindu Kings swore to on their accession:

"Between the night I am born and the night I die, whatever good I might have done, my heaven, my life, my progeny, may I be deprived of, if I oppress you. I shall see to the growth of the country, considering it always as God. Whatever Law there is here, and whatever is dictated by

Ethics and whatever is not opposed to polity, I will act according to. I shall never act arbitrarily."

It is this happy combination of East and West in his forceful personality that has earned for the Maharajah the high reputation he enjoys in India, in England and among the leading statesmen of the Dominions. He was the first of the Indian Princes to be chosen as their representative in the counsels of the Empire; he was the natural choice as President of the Princes' Chamber when that was established under the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms; he is still recognised as the most influential member of that Chamber, which, as a tribute to his predominance, has sometimes been referred to rather slightly by British Indian politicians as the "Rajput Club."

While himself the first of the Princes to espouse the cause of Indian constitutional reform and to advocate the desirability of Federation, he has been equally insistent upon the justice of his Order's claims to have all their old privileges and rights fully guaranteed and safeguarded before any Federal scheme is established. He made no secret of his disappointment with the Butler Committee's Report, and in the Round Table Conferences in London and in all the discussions that have since ensued between the Princes' representatives and the Government of India and Whitehall he has thrown the full weight of his influence into the championship of his Order's claims. At the same time he has never lost an opportunity for pointing out to the less progressive of his fellow Princes the necessity of putting their own houses in order. Nine years ago he was repeating to the Chamber of Princes the words he had just been addressing to a Conference of his own Ministers:—

"No one who thinks seriously and earnestly, can shut his eyes to the fact that our future really depends largely, if not almost exclusively, upon the Rulers of States themselves, upon the extent, we, the Princes, realise our great responsibilities and the sacred duty God Almighty has committed to our care, upon the manner in which we direct the affairs of our States, upon the amount of care and thought which we bring to bear upon questions of vital importance to the well-being of our States and our subjects. Very difficult times unmistakably lie ahead of us. There is no use blinking at the fact that the trend of certain schools of political thought " (in British India) " is not in our favour. Times are changing, and the Princes and States too have to adapt themselves to modern environments. Some of our States have every reason to be proud of their splendid achievements and of the high goal towards which they are so assiduously working. In some States on the other hand the need for reform will no doubt be apparent. It behoves us all—the Princes and their Ministers—to see to it that nothing which duty and prudence dictate is left unattended to."

For himself he had early laid down seven general principles of administration. These, in his own words, were as follows: "(I) For the Ruler of a State to have a fixed and well-defined Privy Purse and a clear dividing line between his personal expenditure and that of the State. (II) Security of life and property by the employment of as efficient

and uncorrupt a Police as possible for the maintenance of Law and Order. (III) Independent Judiciary. (IV) The Reign of Law, including certainty of Law, its uniformity and approximation where possible with the laws of British India with such additions and alterations as local conditions may render necessary. (V) Stability of Public Services. (VI) Efficiency and continuity of administration. (VII) Beneficent rule in the interests of the general well-being and contentment of the subjects."

The "boon" he has now conferred on his Legislative Assembly by allowing it to have an elected majority will not, one may confidently anticipate, introduce any complications into the smooth running of the State's administration. Bikaner's attention will focus, not on the earnest deliberations of its elected Assembly-wallahs, but, as it has always done hitherto, on that fine figure of Rajput chivalry, its loved and admired Maharajah, whose prestige both inside and outside his own Order has brought such honour to his State and subjects.

TANGIER—THE GATEWAY OF MOROCCO

TANGIER, the international port situated on the North-west corner of Morocco, is of particular interest to all English people, for it formed part of the marriage portion brought by Catherine of Braganza to King Charles II. Occupied by an English garrison for twenty-three years it became obvious that disease and famine rendered the place untenable and so evacuation was decided on.

The town became internationalised under the 1923 agreement between the French, Spanish and British governments, the new régime coming into force in June, 1925. But even to-day the position is complicated, for the town and surrounding zone of some two hundred square miles still remain part of the Shereefian Empire, the Sultan being represented by the mendoub and subordinate officials, so that the Moslem population remains largely independent of the European administrator.

Undoubtedly Tangier has suffered from the rivalry of the Great Powers. Situated in an excellent geographical position it is the natural port for Spanish Morocco and as such would have enjoyed great prosperity. But the fear of German influence prevented this and so to-day Tangier struggles on with no adequate hinterland and no adequate port while the inhabitants feel, not unreasonably, that they have been sacrificed at the altar of European jealousies.

Almost all English travellers make their first acquaintance with Morocco at Tangier thereby providing a living for a small army of guides. Few are disappointed with their visit since, although the town possesses only one or two buildings of architectural merit, the native life is full of colour and serves as an admirable introduction to the more exciting places such as Fez and Marrakesh.

On Thursday, market day, the people of the Anjera come into the big market to buy and sell their wares and the scene becomes one of bustling activity. The women are unveiled though their

faces are shaded by large straw hats decorated with coloured tassels. They sell bunches of flowers and various kinds of fruits and vegetables as they sit under the trees.

Just as in the towns in the interior there are entertainers; story-tellers who intrigue their audience with extracts from the Arabian Nights, those tales of Ala-Ed-Din and Sinbad the Sailor, which have not changed since they were first told hundreds of years ago in the far away bazaars of Baghdad. Story-telling is a hereditary profession and so you are just as likely to listen to a young boy as to an elderly man. You will find that it is the knowledge and not the age of the performer which gains the respect and attention of the audience.

Then there is a snake charmer. But he is frankly out for what he can get and so, after a very half-hearted display with a grass snake, devotes himself to charming money from the pocket of the European onlooker in a manner deserving of the highest admiration.

It is a stirring scene full of colour and movement and provides an opportunity to study the country people of the Jibala; those light complexioned men in manner not unlike the English who laugh and talk as they wander hand in hand through the market. Light hearted, gay and inconsequent, providing a permanent source of amusement to the other tribes of Morocco, they are quite ready to take a joke against themselves, as the following story, told to me by a Jibali, illustrates.

"A man of the Jibala bought a large number of fowls and, seeing in his imagination an endless succession of new laid eggs, gave a feast to his friends in order to celebrate the acquisition. After it was over they all went out to admire the valuable birds—only then did he realise that he and his guests had just eaten them!"

In addition to the market the Moorish quarter is of interest, notably the kasba which is crowned by the watch tower of the Sultan's palace. Neglected and uninhabited now, the centre court with the surrounding colonnade still gives a very good idea of the intimate charm so marked in all Moorish dwellings. Close by is a café, kept by an old soldier, whose breast is covered with medals, where the traveller can drink mint tea while looking across the straits to the coast of Spain.

Some of the great actors in recent Moroccan history reside in the vicinity of this polyglot town. There is the Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz, the last independent ruler of Morocco, who lives in a palace on the mountain. I met him last summer, a tall, handsome man, too amiable and intelligent to adopt the methods necessary to keep the crumbling Shereefian Empire together. Many of the Moors still regard him as the real Sultan and as he passes through the town on his way to the mosque press forward to kiss the sleeve of his jellaba.

Then there is Sir Medjid el Menebhi, formerly Ambassador at the Court of St. James', a G.C.M.G., and a British subject. Formerly messenger to the Grand Vizier Ba Ahmed, what more natural in Morocco than that he should rise to be War Minister to the Sultan. A man of great

ability he owns much land in the neighbourhood and occupies himself with building houses.

Tangier possesses an excellent climate and, though it cannot claim to rival in interest the towns in the interior, serves as an admirable introduction to a fascinating country.

F. H. MELLOR.

THE OLD MAN

PICTURE to yourself a wire-haired terrier of the old-fashioned sort; short-legged, flat-sided and compact; a jaw short and strong, the muzzle covered with the black scars of old wounds; the eyes deep brown and thoughtful; the whole appearance of the dog giving the impression of reserved seriousness and yet at the same time denoting pluck and determination. Of such a breed was the Old Man, who is still spoken of in the three counties as one of the best terriers who ever bolted a fox or killed a rat.

He belonged to Tom Conigar, the landlord of the "Green Man," who had bought him as a puppy for half-a-crown from a travelling mason. Even as a pup he was serious and self-contained. It was as if his little head was even then stuffed full of good common-sense. Nor was he quarrelsome—your good working dog never is; he gets too much trouble during his day's work without looking for it. He would slumber happily in the bår parlour, heedless of the clamour, but did some other dog nose him the little head would be raised as if warning the intruder that no liberties were to be taken.

Tom was wise in his treatment of the dog, for it was eighteen months before he allowed him to go to ground. The hounds had run a notorious chicken stealer to ground in the woods at the back of the inn. The terriers were nowhere within reach and, Tom being there with his pup, the Master asked if he would let him go. Tom nodded and released the little dog. Like an arrow from the bow, the Old Man darted into the dry drain, and in a moment there came the muffled sounds of combat. Then for a few moments there was silence, and the waiting men saw the terrier back slowly from the drain, and with him came the fox. The Old Man had him by the cheek, which is the only place where a dog can hold a fox without being bitten. So began the long career which was to make him famous over all the countryside.

So many and varied were his exploits that it would take a book to recount them all. There was the time when he was loosed into a disused culvert and after much digging was discovered baying five irate foxes. From this adventure he gained three of his deepest scars, or medals, as Tom preferred to call them. Then, again, there was the time when the Old Man was lying peacefully asleep on the doorstep and Ephraim Small's half-bred collie seized him by the scruff of the neck and flung him against the wall. Very quietly the terrier picked himself up, shook himself and advanced to avenge the insult. Within one minute the collie was running yelping up the street with his tail between his legs, accompanied by jeers from the grinning faces in the tap-room window.

He was a very solitary little dog and made no friends. Only his master he worshipped blindly as a god. And Tom was a good master who understood dogs and knew how to treat them. So it was that everybody wondered how the Old Man would take it when Tom bought a bitch puppy of a working terrier strain. No one thought that the old terrier would ever make friends with it. But they were wrong. After the first day he realised that she had come to stay, and immediately he took her under his wing. Play with her he would not, it was beneath his dignity, but he took her on his expeditions in the woods and taught her how to kill a rat and bay a fox.

She was a lovable little thing, full of fun and life, and she seemed to take a great delight in teasing and tormenting her staid and serious mentor. He on his part made no protest at her pranks except to give her an occasional reproving look.

In Conigar's back garden was an old dry-stone cistern which had long since been disused. It was a favourite pastime of the Old Man and Susan to lie on the coping of this cistern and wait for the rats to run across the bottom. Directly a rat ventured out the two dogs would leap down, there would be a vicious snap, and the rat died instantly.

The years went by and the Old Man grew grey round the muzzle. Susan, too, was getting older and was now approaching middle-age. They still kept up their practice of lying on the wall of the cistern, and many were the rats they caught there. But during one summer Conigar took advantage of the presence of a dry-wall mason and had the cistern repaired so that it would once again hold water.

The next day was the day of the local show, and after locking up the inn Conigar went off to enjoy himself. When he returned some hours later he whistled the dogs but got no reply. He took no notice, thinking that they were off on one of their hunting expeditions, but a little later he heard a piteous whine from the garden.

He went out and heard the whine again. He crossed the garden and paused in astonishment. The cistern was no more. Its carefully built stonework lay in ruins all over the path. It had been literally razed to the ground. But this was not all, for lying stiff and wet on the ground lay the body of Susan. Beside her crouched the Old Man. Conigar ran over to them and saw that the old dog's feet were raw and bleeding. The claws were worn down to the quick. He glanced again at the ruin of the cistern, and then he understood.

She had been lying as usual on the coping, hoping for a rat and, deceived by some ripple of the water, had jumped in. She was trapped in three feet of water, and there was no escape. The Old Man must have heard her struggles, and with his claws he had torn down that solid wall and dragged out his little friend. He was too late, and now he crouched in dumb misery beside her and implored the man who had never failed him to bring her back. But Conigar could do nothing; he could not even see the appeal in the brown eyes, for his own were misted with tears.

DAN RUSSELL.

Books of The Day

HITLER AND MUSSOLINI

TWO BOOKS that deserve to be widely read at the present time, because of the light they throw on the character and achievements of two of the most dominant personalities in European politics to-day are Professor Stephen H. Roberts' critical and informative study of the Third Reich, "The House that Hitler Built" (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), and Mr. Ward Price's interesting record of personal contact with Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, "I Know These Dictators" (Harrap, 8s. 6d.).

Professor Roberts is, in his own words, a "democratic individualist" from Australia. His natural inclinations, as he would be the first to admit, would be towards a certain bias against Hitlerism and all that it involves. Yet if that bias does perhaps creep in here and there when he contemplates certain aspects of Nazidom and possible future developments, it must be said for Professor Roberts that he is on the whole scrupulously fair in the criticisms he offers, that he is at far greater pains to discover and investigate the facts than to assume the rôle of adverse critic, and that he has given us what amounts to being a remarkably lucid and comprehensive survey both of the origins, growth and technique of the Nazi revolution and of Hitlerism in action. He traces part at least of the cause of Herr Hitler's triumph to the mistaken tactics of Stresemann and Brüning, but he recognises also the existence of a psychological mystery in Herr Hitler's rise to power. The solution of this mystery he finds in the fact that "the Germans are a politically retarded race. They are still in the myth stage of development. They need some national cult to weld the people into unity and, where it is lacking, they split up into innumerable squabbling factions. A myth is what Bagehot would have called 'the cement of their society.'" Hitlerism provided that "cement" with its Nazi cult.

The thoroughness with which Professor Roberts has conducted his investigations into the Nazi régime makes it impossible to do more than note a few of his more general conclusions. Thus he is convinced that the Nazi experiments in agriculture have so far proved a dismal failure. Zeal in planning has outstripped discretion; total production has not increased, essential food prices have risen, and urban populations are loud in their complaints against the farmer. "A chart of the organisation of the Reich Food Estate is like a bad dream of a lecturer in administration." The Nazi policy of self-sufficiency, again, he demonstrates, was bound to break down owing to the lack of certain vital raw materials which no artificially doctored substitute could replace. This has tended to introduce fresh complications into Nazi finance already strained severely through the necessity of importing arms materials. Then, as regards Germany's military preparedness, Professor Roberts is persuaded that this is by no means so complete as some people would have us believe,

Herr Hitler's sudden adoption of universal service having created problems of administration and equipment which the organisation hitherto existing was not designed to meet and which still remain to be satisfactorily tackled. Among other matters dealt with at considerable length in Professor Roberts' book are the Youth Movement, the Labour Service and Labour Front, Women and Population, the Great Roads and Public Works, education, the Nazi attitude to law and the Jewish question. And finally, in answer to the piquant speculation, who is there to succeed Herr Hitler, he ventures the prediction that the most likely man to step into the Führer's shoes is Himmler, leader of the S.S. Guards and head of the Secret Police.

If Professor Roberts is the scientific investigator disclosing the results of a careful inquiry with calm detachment, Mr. Ward Price, on the other hand, is the revealer of personality from the standpoint of both an enthusiastic admirer and sturdy champion of the cause of close friendship with Germany and Italy. He presents us Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini as they appeared to him in the course of special interviews. He notes for us their common characteristics, their differences in physique and their contrasting temperaments and attitudes. "Mussolini believes in his star; Hitler in his call by Providence to the political redemption of Germany. Mussolini has a keen sardonic wit. Hitler's humour is more ingenuous and personal. Mussolini gives the immediate impression of a lively and eager brain reacting to each new stimulus. The temperament of Hitler is more dreamy and introspective. Whereas Mussolini is objective and practical, Hitler is subjective and mystical. Mussolini's mental processes are dominated by facts; Hitler's are governed by ideals." In painting us impressive full-length portraits of these two men and in setting out what they have accomplished for their respective countries, Mr. Ward Price wishes not only to remove false impressions about them but to bring about a new re-alignment of British foreign policy. He emphasises the fact that both Dictators have long been anxious to be on better terms with Britain. "However much other people," he writes, "may dislike the National Socialist and Fascist régimes, no one can deny that they have raised Germany and Italy to greater strength and self-reliance than those countries have ever known. The methods by which they rebuilt their national life are their own affair, and—unlike Soviet Russia—neither Government has tried to force its ideas and principles on other peoples. To fit these new national formations into the European family is the most urgent task at present before humanity. It can be carried through only with sympathy and understanding." To Mr. Ward Price, as indeed to many other people, Russia has been the nigger in the wood pile; and he remarks that "so long as the British Government allows its freedom of action towards Germany to be limited by relations with France and, through France, with Russia, it will be impossible to come to an understanding with that country." In discussing Herr Hitler's colonial demands, he makes the suggestive comment: "Officially, the aim of Germany is stated to be the recovery of all her former colonies. But

there is reason to suppose that German statesmen might be satisfied with a 'rounded-out Cameroons.' By this is meant a West African colony based upon the original German territory there, which is now divided between the adjoining British Nigeria and French Equatorial Africa. The annual deficit on the budget of the British section of the Cameroons is £30,000 to £50,000 a year."

AFRICA AND THE MANDATES

A book that is timely in its appearance and that has the distinctive merit of being both engagingly written and impartial in its presentment of varying points of view is Mr. Patrick Balfour's "Lords of the Equator" (Hutchinson, with 61 illustrations, 12s. 6d.). The author made a ten thousand miles' journey through Central Africa with the primary purpose of studying the administration of the Mandates under Britain, France and Belgium. He flew from Brussels to the Congo. Then he travelled through Angola, up the western coast by steamer to Duala, and thence by road to Victoria in the British Cameroons. Thereafter he set out for a four thousand miles' trip through French Equatorial Africa and the Belgian Congo to Tanganyika, and this is how he describes the journey at its finish:—"I had travelled four thousand miles across Africa, entirely on motor roads, which were bad in British territory, good in French, excellent in Belgian. I had spent nights in thirty-five different places and, with a few exceptions, made use of the accommodation which is open to every traveller. I had seldom been really uncomfortable. Benefiting, as far as possible, from existing public transport, I had travelled in eighteen different motor-lorries, only one of which I was obliged to hire outright. The total cost of my transport from Victoria, on the coast of Guinea, to Usumbura, on Lake Tanganyika, had amounted to less than £50."

From Tanganyika he went on to Kenya, the Sudan and Egypt. Wherever he went and in whatever company he happened to be, he soon made friends and was thus able to gather a pleasing variety of representative opinions. To these he has added his own impressions and the general conclusions he himself has reached. It is all very skilfully and gracefully done and in a manner that displays his anxiety always to be strictly just. Thus he is careful to stress the point that it is not fair to compare what Germany accomplished before 1914 with what other Powers have done in Africa since the end of the Great War.

Mr. Balfour's principal impression about Africa was that the scenery everywhere was remarkably similar, while the types of humanity were extremely diverse. But, all the same, he is inclined to regard the African in the mass as "still enduring the early pangs of adolescence." And the great mistake of British administration, in his opinion, is that "instead of assisting him to grow up, we tend to treat him as though he were grown up already." "As masters *in loco parentis*, we have," he says, "swung from the extreme of Dr. Arnold to the extreme of Dartington Hall." Strength can still be consistent with justice and

sympathy, and "the Englishman need not be a Fascist to bring up the African in the way he should go." "In putting the clock back to some extent the realistic German," he feels, "might do the African a service, for the tendency of British liberalism is to offer him freedom before he is ready for it. But the danger is," he goes on to admit, "that the clock would be allowed to stop, that German discipline might become an end in itself rather than a means to an end, that the theory of white superiority might harden the administration into too inflexible an autocracy."

A RUSSIAN ODYSSEY

Is there a brighter side to life in Soviet Russia? Most people would probably be inclined to doubt it. But Mrs. Eileen Bigland seems to have found it. Possibly it is a matter of an inherited partially Slav temperament; possibly also it was because Mrs. Bigland in her visit to Russia was determined to enjoy herself and had no use for what she calls "politics." Anyway her "Laughing Odyssey" (Hodder & Stoughton, illustrated, 12s. 6d.) is well named. It bubbles over with happiness. Her love of the Russian people and her thorough understanding of the Slav character due to the Russian blood in her veins and her ability to speak the language, made it no doubt easy for her to put up with the delays and other inconveniences that are apt to irritate the average foreign visitor. And even when she happens to visit the slums of Moscow she is not over-perturbed by the conditions she encounters, merely contenting herself with the consoling comment: "The Russian really enjoys himself in small hot rooms filled to overflowing with children, cookstoves, mattresses, foods, smells—and curiously enough flowers." Her optimism and faith in Russia readily convince her that things are bound to go on improving year by year even though "nobody will ever alter" the Russian temperament. But if this cheerful philosophy is not altogether convincing, at least Mrs. Bigland has succeeded in writing a delightfully light and entertaining travel book, which reveals, among other things, that Five Year Plans and Stalinist autocracy have not yet sufficed to crush out of existence the old dreamy idealist Russia of the Tsars. One charming little pen picture she paints for us of the old priest who held firmly to his conviction that "Holy Russia cannot do without God." He was, she says, the most pathetic person she had seen in Russia, this "gentle old man in a shabby *soutane*, green with age and splitting at the seams." Yet he seems to have strongly impressed her. "Kept by the meagre contributions of food brought to him by grateful people, he lived—somehow," she writes. "He was suffering for the greed of Archimandrites and fellow-priests, but in himself he was a tender, timid soul bewildered by the volcano of hatred that had overwhelmed his beloved church. Seventy years old, he swept and garnished his shrines, held services, plodded through his parish bringing spiritual comfort to his people. For him there were no state benefits, no sanatoria, no pensions; yet in his isolation he was happy. 'In ten, twenty, fifty years Russia will revert to her true faith.'"

RUSSIA'S DEFENCE COMMISSAR

Mr. Dennis Wheatley is known to the largest section of his public for the originality of his crime fiction puzzles. As a novelist, there is no question about his power to produce a first-class story. When he suddenly takes to history *cum* biography, on such subjects as the Russian Revolution and its heroes, one may be excused perhaps for doubting his qualifications for the task even while being certain that what he writes will make lively reading. His "Red Eagle" (Hutchinson, illustrated, 12s. 6d.) has assuredly all the merits of a good Wheatley novel. Its history in places may be more imaginative than accurate, but there is nothing dull about it. And Mr. Wheatley can explain some things which to the outer world are still mysteries. Why, for example, these recent executions of Soviet Army leaders? Because, suggests Mr. Wheatley, they were daring enough to advocate return of their land to the peasants and the abolition of all restraints on private property and trade, and when their recommendations were turned down they took to conspiring against Stalin. The hero of Mr. Wheatley's book is Klementy Voroshilov, Marshal and Defence Commissar of the U.S.S.R., supreme commander of Russia's army, navy and air force. His portrait is painted for us in glowing colours. This ex-pit boy had had no military training, but his qualities of leadership were conspicuously displayed when he organised the workers of the Don Basin into an army in defence of the Revolution, beat off the attacks of Germans and White Russians, brought his fifteen thousand men and a great store of munitions to the relief of the key position of Tzaritsyn and successfully defended that town in a month's siege. Mr. Wheatley likens this exploit to Ney's famous feat in saving the remnant of the Grand Armée in the terrible retreat from Moscow. He then proceeds to follow his hero through the various campaigns in which he participated and in which he added to his fame as a military leader. If Mr. Wheatley is right, Voroshilov was among the first military commanders to appreciate the advantages of mechanisation.

INDIA AND ANGKOR

India has its ancient literature, its old epics, the Ramayana and Mahabharata, but, though history is doubtless wrapped up in these mythological tales, they tell us nothing of certain great happenings such as, for example, the early migrations and colonising expeditions from India across the seas to Madagascar in the West and Siam, Annam, Malaya, Sumatra, Java and Celebes in the East. These migrations and expeditions must have been taking place two thousand or more years ago, and to-day we have unmistakable evidence of them, scattered about in many directions in ancient temples, relics of old cities, Siva images, and the inscriptions and other discoveries which archaeologist zeal is constantly bringing to light. The archaeologist is inevitably not satisfied with merely disclosing the facts as he finds them. The why and the wherefore also intrigue him, and it was to discover the answers to such questions that sent the Field Director of the Greater India Research Committee, Mr. H. G. Quaritch Wales, forth with

his wife on their long two years' trail of inquiry across the Malay Peninsula and through Central Siam. The object was to trace the routes by which Indian art and culture penetrated, as they so definitely must have done, to Angkor ("Towards Angkor," with a foreword by Sir Francis Younghusband, Harrap, illustrated, 12s. 6d.). In his fascinating and scholarly book, Mr. Wales suggests Takuapa and Chaiya, on the west and east coasts of the narrow Siamese peninsula, as the region where the early Indian colonists founded their first settlements, and it is at Chaiya that he also places the capital of the Sailendra empire founded by a Pallava Prince from Mysore in the middle of the eighth century.

LOCKER-LAMPSON MISCELLANY

Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson's "Peep Show" (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.) is partly reminiscence, partly fiction and in part also a combination of the two. But the whole is without question delightful. Mr. Locker-Lampson is a good showman, and the "peeps" he gives us are alluring, exciting and entertaining. There is the vision of Arthur Balfour making his unostentatious farewell of the House of Commons on the eve of his Earldom, on one of those dull Friday afternoons when M.P.s are thinking more of their week-end holiday than of affairs of State. And on another of those seemingly dull days we have a peep at one of those sudden, unexpected storms that assail an apparently listless House. Then we are transported to the Commons' library to watch a Prime Minister looking up the Oxford Dictionary for an obscure word that has aroused his literary curiosity. After these peeps, Mr. Locker-Lampson shows us the best bugler in Cairo trying to blow the trumpets found in the tomb of Tutankhamen; a house haunted by a great evil done there; himself being cheated into buying a faked Ghirlandaio; and diverting scenes of adventures with a lion-cub brought from Africa to his London home.

IN BURMA'S FORESTS

In Burma, as in India, the forests are under the expert charge of a special Forest Service. But the felling of the valuable teak trees and the floating of them in rafts down the Irawadi to Rangoon are handed over to certain European firms, and it is as a forest assistant in one of these firms that Mr. C. V. Warren writes of his experiences in Burma ("Burmese Interlude," Skeffington, illustrated, 15s.). He happened to arrive in Burma just as the Burma Rebellion of 1930-32 broke out, and, as he had had some military training, he soon found himself invested with a military command. He tells us both of his share in this campaign and of his forest life. That life as he paints it for us is full of responsibilities and trials. The hot weather is hard enough to bear, but the rainy season is worse, with no proper shelter from the torrents of rain, with swarms of mosquitoes worrying one and with malaria sapping one's strength. The forest assistant has to be both doctor and vet. Accidents will happen to the men, and there is always the scare of anthrax for the elephants, and the young man who has to look after both animals and men and see that they come

to no harm sometimes is compelled to bewail the fact that his early classical education was hopelessly unpractical for the kind of duties he is expected to perform. But he carries on with all the courage and determination he can bring to his task. For readers whose lot has been cast in more pleasant places than the jungles of Burma Mr. Warren's illuminating picture of what life means for the forest assistant in that part of the world should be a veritable revelation.

NEW NOVELS

Miss Sylvia Thompson's new book, "Recapture the Moon" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), displays all the brilliance of style and character delineation that one has learnt to expect from the author of "The Hounds of Spring." It deals with that period of high hopes and disillusionment that followed the end of the four years of war and concerns the lives and emotions of members of two families, the one English, the other French, bound together by their connection with an Anglo-French armaments combine. It is a tale of people who have lost their idealism, frenziedly and restlessly giving themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. Miss Thompson's *Galère*—the cosmopolitan group with a "sense of community of pleasure"—leads her characters a wild dance till some of them find happiness and "recapture the moon." Wide as is the range of scene and character in this book, Miss Thompson's touch is always light but sure.

Miss Phyllis Bottome's "The Mortal Storm" (Faber & Faber) gives us an extremely vivid, realistic story of the unhappy consequences to a German household, hitherto united by ties of affection and respect, of the coming of the Nazi régime with its insistence upon racial purity. A widow of good family, with two sons by a former marriage, had taken as her second husband a Jewish doctor. By this second union there was a girl and a boy. The two stepsons became enthusiastic Nazis. Their stepfather was removed to a concentration camp and killed. The girl, with ambitions to follow her father's profession, has these ambitions thwarted, and her lover, a young peasant Communist, is shot by the orders of one of her stepbrothers as he was escaping across the frontier. And eventually, after a child is born to her, she leaves it with her lover's mother, and with much searchings of heart eventually decides that duty calls her to carry on her father's work of healing in some other land—the United States.

"Trespass," by Nigel G. Tranter (Moray Press), is a charmingly told story of romance and poaching in a Highland setting. The tenants of two neighbouring deer forests are in disagreement as to which party has the right to shoot in certain corries. On one side is an Under-Secretary of State, with his haughty mother and the girl he hopes to marry. On the other are three young men who are determined to exercise what they believe to be their rights to shoot over the disputed ground. They are warned off by the Under-Secretary's keepers, and while they are bathing one of their rifles is annexed by the "enemy." Reading this act as a declaration of war, they decide to poach the "enemy's" forest. But the

main bag, after all, turns out to be the lady the Under-Secretary had chosen for his bride.

A very good mystery story is Mr. Carter Dickson's latest novel, "The Ten Teacups" (Heinemann). The display of ten teacups on a table in the one furnished room of a house that had been empty for weeks, with a corpse on the floor and no sign of his murderer, was a baffling puzzle to Scotland Yard the first time its detectives were "requested" to visit the murder scene at a specified hour. But when the same crime arrangement was repeated for Scotland Yard's benefit a second time, the puzzle became even more exasperatingly mysterious, particularly as the request for the presence of the police in the second case allowed time for the police to surround and even enter the house before the murder was committed. What was the significance of these teacups and how did the murderer manage to shoot his victim in a room with a locked door and then completely vanish? That is the bewildering problem the police have to solve, and yet the explanation when it comes is simple enough.

"Gory Knight," by Margeret Rivers Larminie and Jane Langslow (Longmans) is an amusing parody of the detective methods of some of the famous fiction sleuths—Lord Peter, M. Poirot, Mr. Fortune and all. Even the creators of those celebrated crime-detectors should enjoy the fun made of them and their methods in this deliciously gay if "gory" tale.

PUBLISHERS' PLANS

Batsford will issue this month "The Coloured Counties: A Short Survey of the English Landscape and Antiquities," the text being written by Mr. C. Bradley Ford.

The Oxford University Press expect to bring out this month Professor A. Berriedale Keith's latest book "The King, the Constitution, the Empire and Foreign Affairs." Other publications by this Press to appear at an early date will be "The Republics of South America" (a report by a Study Group of members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs) and "Further Letters of Gerald Manley Hopkins," edited by Professor Claude Collier Abbott.

Putnam has ready for publication Mr. Henry Williamson's illustrated volume "Goodbye West Country."

On Monday week there will be coming from Hodder & Stoughton Mr. Hugh Routledge's "Everest: The Unfinished Adventure" (the story of the 1936 Expedition).

On November 25 Methuen hope to publish "Under the Polar Star," an account of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition of 1935-36 by Mr. A. R. Glen, its leader, assisted by Mr. N. A. C. Croft, the second-in-command.

In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Sir Francis Younghusband's journey as a young subaltern from Peking to India by way of the Gobi Desert and Chinese Turkestan, John Murray is issuing a revised edition of the book on that journey, "The Heart of a Continent," which has been out of print for some years after passing through four editions.

Round the Empire

CONGRESS MINISTERS' TRIALS

BEFORE the days of provincial autonomy and "responsibility at the centre" the busy English official in India was often blamed for the short way he sometimes had of dealing with petitioners and others anxious to see him and converse with him awhile. The East, if left to its own devices, is apt to be gloriously indifferent to the passage of time, and the man who had mountains of office work waiting for him to attend to had some excuse for refusing to be a victim of this Oriental habit of treating every hour as fitting for prolonged discussion of matters trivial or important. Congress Ministers are now in a position to sympathise with the Englishman whose "autocratic" behaviour was so often the theme of their severe indictments. They have had apparently to appeal to Mahatma Gandhi to save them from the importunities of their friends and fellow Congressmen, and the Mahatma has also had his own experience of what has been happening, for he has apparently been addressed by furious Congressmen indignant over the exclusion of their own and their friends' names from Ministerships and other posts. So the Mahatma has been forced to take up his pen and rebuke those who are proving such a nuisance to busy Congress Ministers. Noting the many complaints that have been addressed to him by these importunate gentlemen, he writes: "I do not think there is a single province from which such complaints have not been received. In some such letters dire results, including communal riots, have been threatened if the excluded persons' claims are not considered." And he goes on to say that Ministers are not being given a chance to work. Congressmen "smother them with addresses and entertainments and, as often as not, they demand interviews with them as a matter of right, and present them with all kinds of suggestions and sometimes even ask for petty favours.

"Conscientious Ministers," he points out, "have no time for receiving addresses and honours or for making speeches in return for fulsome or deserved praise, nor have they the time for interviewers whom they do not invite or whom they think are not going to help them in their work. In theory the leader of democracy must hold himself at the beck and call of the public. But Congress Ministers will cut a sorry figure if they do not master, or are not allowed by the public to master, the work entrusted to them. An Education Minister has to have all his wits about him if he is to evolve a policy in keeping with the requirements of the country. An Excise Minister will prove a disastrous failure if he does not attend to the constructive side of prohibition, and so will a Finance Minister who, despite the handicap created for him by the India Act and despite the voluntary surrender of the excise revenue, will not balance his budget. Every ministerial office requires almost the same vigilance, care and study. Their

gesture of simplicity, necessary as it was as a preliminary, will avail them nothing if they will not show the requisite industry, ability, impartiality and infinite capacity for mastering details. It would be well, therefore, if the public will exercise self-restraint in the matter of giving addresses, seeking interviews and writing to them long epistles."

S. AFRICAN LABOUR SHORTAGE

A Commission appointed by the South African Union Minister of Native Affairs has recently been investigating the question of native labour shortage in Natal, the Transvaal and the Free State. Major Herbst, the Chairman, in opening the first public session of the Commission, said: "From what we have seen recently, it is obvious that the question of native farm labour has become one of the burning questions of the day. This is especially the case in the Transvaal, owing to the enormous progress in industry. On the gold mines in particular the demand has become so great that it has sometimes to be met from outside sources. Now, to resort to the importation of labour from outside sources is most uneconomical, because the money paid to this labour is sent out of the country. I feel that sooner or later there is going to be an enormous importation of labour from outside. It seems inevitable that this must happen, owing to the progress that has been made in industrial operations."

Mr. R. C. Wylie, a farmer, said that he had much difficulty with natives who went away and

Sixth Impression.

Price 7/6 net.

Schools of Hellas

AN ESSAY ON
ANCIENT GREEK EDUCATION

By

K. J. FREEMAN,

[Scholar of Winchester and of Trinity College, Cambridge.]

With fourteen reproductions of
Greek vases on terra-cotta paper

We have nothing but praise.—*The Times*
The book is a masterpiece.—*Morning Post*
This fine discriminating essay.—*Daily Telegraph*
Full of freshness and the joy of life.—*The Guardian*
The best account in English.—*Saturday Review*

MACMILLAN

did not return. The difficulties between farmers and the natives were increasing, owing mainly to propaganda. Letters in the Press which alleged bad treatment of natives and Communist propaganda did a great deal of harm in stirring up the feelings of the natives. The farm natives, on the whole, got a fair deal. The unpopularity of farm labour might be due in part to the various restrictions imposed upon it. It was due also to the fact that the farms could not offer the amenities and excitement that the towns did. The question was not so much an economic one as was sometimes supposed. It was usually the young natives who wanted to go away.

A native from the Pretoria district said in evidence that the main cause of the trouble was that the farmers tried to separate people from their families. They took one child of a family into their employ without taking the others, and everyone was dissatisfied. Another important cause of the trouble was that the towns offered a great deal more to the young native of to-day than the farms did.

Farmers often treated their natives badly, abusing them and beating them, sometimes without any provocation. If they complained they were dismissed. The policemen in the country were less kindly to the natives than those in the towns. The natives did not get justice from the country policemen. The younger generation of natives wanted to go to the towns, as there was generally more money to be earned there and they could become more civilised in the towns. The farmers objected to their natives becoming educated, as they said they did not need educated natives.

TROUBLE IN THE AIR

The people of Southern Rhodesia are not altogether happy about the recent change in mail arrangements between their Colony and the Union of South Africa. When the Union Government decreed that all letters to Rhodesia should be charged at 1½d. per ½ oz. and travel by air or rail, whichever at the moment was quickest, they seem to have omitted sufficiently to inform South Africans of their decision. Previously the sender had the choice of posting up to 1 oz. by rail for 1d. or ½ oz. for 4d. by air. Of late, so many letters have arrived in Southern Rhodesia, by air and rail, bearing only a penny stamp that there are sometimes queues of irritated recipients at the larger post offices waiting to pay surcharges and expostulate. People in South Africa receiving letters from Rhodesia are not so troubled, because the Rhodesian authorities allow the sender to choose between air and rail. If a letter is insufficiently stamped for the air, it automatically goes by train.

THREE-YEAR ROAD PLAN

The Rhodesian Government now propose to spend a further £500,000 on roads during the next three years and to construct another 1,054 miles of asphalt-strip highways through the country. One of the outstanding results of the grant of self-government to the Colony, indeed, has been the development of roads. The total amount of capital

expenditure on this service, up to the end of the current year, has been something over £1,600,000, to which must be added further sums out of revenue for maintenance and many munificent gifts from the Beit Trustees for road-bridges. The wisdom of the attention given to improved communications is apparent in many ways. An unusual sequel followed, for example, the construction of a road intended for the convenience of visitors from the south to the Victoria Falls. During this operation valuable deposits of tungsten were found and led to the establishment of a new and important industry. In future, however, the rate of construction of roads is to be reduced from 450 to 350 miles a year, while the quality will be improved.

ANCIENT PORT FOR ZIMBABWE

Mr. A. MacNeilage, an experienced prospector, has just returned to civilisation from a three months' trip in the extreme south-eastern region of Southern Rhodesia, during which he chanced upon a discovery, which may have important archaeological bearings. While seeking, and pegging, tungsten and copper claims in the low veld, Mr. MacNeilage found traces of two ancient tracks forming alternative routes between the great ruins at Zimbabwe and the ancient port of Solfala on the Indian Ocean. These roads are guarded, at intervals of a day's march, by the ruins of stone forts. From the remains of jetties at the junction of the Sabi and Lundi rivers, however, Mr. MacNeilage thinks that the mysterious miners of the past, whose skilfully excavated ancient mine-workings are dotted all over Southern Rhodesia, brought their ships up from the sea as far as this spot. They could certainly have come no further because the Sabi river, at times a mile wide, narrows to 15 feet in a gorge near the Chibirira Falls.

Arab historians and geographers, writing as far back as 950 A.D., mention the export of gold, slaves and iron from what is now Southern Rhodesia, in ships that came from India, China and the Persian Gulf. The same writers indicate contacts between Abyssinia, Sumatra and Solfala.

AN AUTHORITY ON ALOES

Just twenty-three years ago a farmer in Southern Rhodesia tried, as a hobby, to grow Alpine plants upon a rocky kopje on his farm "Ewanrigg." They did not thrive. The climate was too mild for them; watering cans could not take the place of melting snows. One day, however, a friend brought him a beautiful scarlet flower. "What is that?" asked Mr. H. B. Christian, the would-be Alpine flower grower. "An aloe," replied his friend. "I found it on your farm." The farmer planted it on his kopje and it grew without watering. Thereupon Mr. Christian took to collecting and planting aloes on his giant rockery and has since become one of the greatest authorities on the subject. Every winter the hill is ablaze with over 200 kinds of aloes. Mr. Christian sent descriptions of new discoveries to Kew from whence they returned in Latin and so appeared in botanical journals. Thereupon Mr. Christian had, with the

assistance of a neighbouring Jesuit priest, to polish up his Latin which had become rusty since he left Eton. He has now properly described eight new species and corrected the descriptions of some of the older experts.

From other countries aloes are sent to Mr. Christian for identification, and visiting botanists come to him for advice and to turn green with envy at his collection, in the heart of which grows his little favourite, the original Rhodesian *Aloe cameronii*, that he planted 23 years ago.

"THE TREE OF HEAVEN"

A special booklet has been published by the Ceylon Government on the "Tree of Heaven." More commonly known as the coconut tree, the "Tree of Heaven" provides more than two hundred products, and the booklet is designed to make them known. Here are some of the products which find their origin in the tree's leaves, branches, wood and fruit: Charcoal for gas masks, candles, soap, perfume, margarine, cattle food, copra, whisky, gin, honey, vinegar, brooms, ropes and cordage, baskets, oil, medicine and desiccated coconut. The tree is also the provider of nearly all the domestic requirements of the Ceylon native. It gives him food and drink, fuel and light, timber and thatch for his house, sleeping mat and domestic utensils. The demand for coconut charcoal for gas masks, from Britain and France, has lately created additional interest in the tree. Last year Britain bought 64,500 cwts. of the charcoal, valued at £14,600, and during the first eight months of this year has imported 57,717 cwts., valued at £15,000. The author of the booklet is Mr. W. V. D. Pieris.

CEYLON COPIES BRITAIN

Ceylon is to have its own National Fitness Campaign. It will be modelled on the lines of the "Fitter Britain" movement and will also take advantage of various features of the United States' and Germany's Health organisations. As a preliminary step an All-Ceylon Food and Health exhibition will be held this month, and arrangements are being made for a Festival of Youth in April of next year. In this connection competitive displays of physical drill, gymnasium exercises and rhythmic dancing will be presented.

CANADA'S RECORD YEAR

Although November and December have still to come before the year is out, it is obvious that Canadian industrial companies will be able to look back on 1937 as one of the most spectacular, from the dividend point of view, in the history of the Dominion. It is calculated that the total dividends for the first ten months of this year amount to £44,000,000—an increase of over £8,000,000 on the previous year. What may be expected during the next two months may be estimated from the corresponding two months of last year, which yielded £16,000,000 in dividends. It is a notable indication of the general advance of Canadian prosperity that out of 127 typical companies covered by a recent survey only 13 have this year reduced or passed their dividends. Chief among the paying concerns are the mining companies, which will, it is expected, distribute something approaching £20,000,000.

**THE
SUPREME
TRIBUTE
TO YOUR
GUESTS**



S U P R E M E

F O R 2 0 0 Y E A R S

**BOOTH'S
DRY
GIN**

THE ONLY Matured GIN

Letters to the Editor

GEMÜTLICH

Sir,—With great pleasure I have read the article "Gemütlich" in your paper of Oct. 23 by Mr. F. H. Mellor. It confirms my own view that the best way to learn to know another country is to see it for oneself. Therefore these international visits are so essential nowadays. We must learn to know each other and we will certainly understand each other—and each nation can learn from the other! We Germans are keen on friendship with Great Britain and therefore every British visitor may be sure of the warmest welcome here. During my frequent stays in England I have found nothing but the kindest hospitality and also much help and understanding for my work to promote friendship between both our nations. In spite of many differences the English and the Germans have still more in common and therefore "they get on very well together." Great Britain and Germany united in friendship would be the best safeguard for international peace.

BARONESSE VON DER GOLTZ.

*Rogzow über Belgard/Pers.
Pommern, den.*

THE NATIONAL Review

Incorporating the English Review

VOL. 109. No. 657.

November, 1937

Episodes of the Month

A Look at France ... By THE VISCOUNTESS MILNER

China ... By J. O. P. BLAND

Democracy and Mr. Roosevelt ... By P. S. DYER-SMITH

Lessons of the Spanish War ... By CAPT. LIDDELL HART

Poem: Le Spectre de la Rose ... By STEPHEN FOX

Jutland and "The Saints" Compared ...

By JOHN HOME MCCALL

"Some Fragments of Keats" ... By IAN D. COLVIN

Marshal Diaz ... By MARK HENNIKER

Siam Looks to Tokyo ... By JOHN C. LE CLAIR

Wordsworth's View of Europe in 1837 ...

By W. J. BLYTON

The Fulmar Petrel in Yorkshire ... By DOUGLAS GORDON

Scottish Notes ... By THEAGES

Sport ... By F. G.

A Rain Guide for the British Islands ...

By THE LORD DUNBOYNE

Correspondence:

Francis H. Sibson, G. C. Neville, etc.

Books New and Old:

Air Problems of Peace and War ...

By ORLO WILLIAMS

Postage (Book Post), 2d. (Canada), 1½d. PRICE 2s. 6d

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETORS AT

35, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW

Sir,—As one who enjoys reading "Dan Russell's" contributions in the *Saturday Review*, may I endorse the views expressed by "Animal Lover" in your last issue. There can be no doubt at all about the general accuracy of "Dan Russell's" observations of Nature in the wild. But there is also undoubtedly another side to this wild animal life than that of mere cruelty. If "Dan Russell" could give us the benefit of his own observations of that more agreeable side, I and others, too, I am sure, would be delighted.

ANOTHER ANIMAL LOVER.

RHODES' DREAM

Sir,—Major V. E. Radclyffe's letter in your last issue, with its suggestion of the possibility of an Anglo-American-German agreement and understanding for ensuring the peace of the world, made me think of the old dream of Cecil Rhodes, who, I believe, was the first statesman to look forward to a peace-ensuring alliance of this kind.

But how is such a desirable consummation to be brought about—with a Nazi Germany displaying an eagerness for expansion that seems sooner or later likely to produce a whole crop of fresh troubles in Europe? Can Hitlerite Germany be induced to moderate its demands in such a way as to satisfy Britain and America that they will not be called in to help Germany enrich herself at the expense of other and more peace-loving nations? That is the rub. And though Germany has every right to have the kind of Government she prefers and we have no business to object to her present undemocratic régime, an alliance or agreement between a country ruled by a dictator and others democratically governed must perforce raise a whole crop of thorny problems.

GEORGE H. SOMMERS.

Kensington, S.W.5.

THE TOLL OF THE CAR

Sir,—The toll of the motor-car expressed in dead and injured is a general cause of preoccupation. It may be that the mortality statistics mean that the new generation of pedestrians will be more agile and more cautious, but since scientists are not yet quite agreed as to the inheritance of acquired characteristics, it might be well to try to do something for those still alive. There are admittedly points in our road system where fatal accidents occur with alarming regularity. Life would be saved and injury spared if at such points all cars slowed down of their own free will. In the past in France—and it may be still—there were places on the main road, crossed by open drains, sloping ditches deep enough to break the springs of any car that passed over them at a speed of over 15 miles an hour. The motorist was warned of these obstacles by notices, and care for springs was more effective than care for human life; for there was never an accident on those portions of the road where "caniveaux" were signalled. How many motor springs equal one human life?

H. WARNER ALLEN.

Iden House, Sotwell.

Your Investments

STRENGTH OF GILT-EDGED

NOT for the first time, the recovery in Stock Markets after their recent débâcle has been led by an advance in British Government and other gilt-edged issues. Those who are holders of this class of security can feel very satisfied that their capital has remained so steady throughout recent alarms and excursions, although the rate of interest available remains extremely meagre. The marking of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan ex the dividend payable on Dec. 1st brought the price down to just under 100, and this promptly brought in buyers of the stock—a movement which rapidly spread to other British Government issues. Quite a good deal of Continental money was attracted, the French currency uncertainties and the political troubles in Belgium again encouraging an inflow of funds seeking temporary safety, or, as our American friends describe such capital, "hot money."

What is most important from the British holders' standpoint is the fact that British Government and leading home Corporation stocks are again on rather less than a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. yield basis. It will be surprising if the strength of British Funds and the decline in the income rate obtainable on them does not lead to a flow of investment capital into good-class industrials giving upwards of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The immediate outlook for "Americans" is so uncertain that only gamblers can enter this market, but in the long run there would appear to be a good chance of capital appreciation in such stocks as Chrysler, U.S. Steel, General Motors, or International Telephone and Telegraph. The latter at $7\frac{1}{2}$ compare with a highest this year of $15\frac{1}{2}$. North American Company is another utility stock with every chance of proving a profitable speculation. For 1936-37 the company earned over \$2 per share and the price is around $19\frac{1}{2}$, an earnings' yield of 10 per cent.

A VIEW ON INDUSTRIALS

When markets are on the upward grade nobody seems to bother much whether the rise is justified. Similarly, when share prices are falling few are influenced by the fact that such a fall may not be in accordance with the available evidence. In recent months the "bears" have spread the view that industrial prosperity is past its peak and that for the next few years we shall see a gradual recession. In support of this view, it may be admitted that the capital part of the re-armament programme must be well on the way to completion. New factories and extensions to works to enable arma-

ment manufacturers to undertake the large Government orders have been already built or the raw materials for their erection have been purchased and provided for. The re-armament programme, it is argued, was only to occupy five years, and we have already enjoyed the benefit from two of these, while in the latter part of the period there will be a general slowing-up of business activity as the realisation comes home that orders cannot be replaced as they are completed.

Against this view, it should at once be said that though the large industrial companies have enjoyed a great measure of prosperity in their financial years just completed, and though they are only now beginning to feel the pinch of the general rise in prices of raw materials and labour, they have yet to reap the benefit of increased turnover from the works and factory extensions just completed. Not for a year or two can companies be expected so to adjust their organisations on the larger basis as to derive the maximum profit benefit. And probably re-armament in this country will occupy a great deal longer than the five-year period originally laid down.

IRON AND STEEL YIELDS

Iron, Coal and Steel issues yielding over $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. continue to look attractive to the investor. In this list John Brown 10s. units at 33s., giving a gross return of nearly 6 per cent., appear especially cheap. Staveley Coal and Iron at 59s. is another issue to attract the investor. The yield is well over $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. gross. Both companies are so widely interested in Iron, Coal and Steel that they must remain prosperous, unless industrial activity in this country falls back to that of the 1931-33 period.

TRANSPORT "C" STOCK

Though few expect the London Passenger Transport Board to pay the full statutory $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on its "C" stock this year, the report for the past year showed net revenue at £5,260,000, against £5,174,000 in the previous year, and the increase in the "C" stock dividend from 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. entailed no reduction in the scale of the allowance for renewals. If last year's rate is only repeated, the stock at 80 gives a return of over $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

ELECTRIC AND MUSICAL

The full accounts of Electric and Musical Industries bear out the good impression made by the preliminary figures, for, though there is no bonus accompanying the 10 per cent. dividend, profits last year rose from £246,789 to £313,964, representing $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the ordinary capital. The Rudge-Whitworth acquisition should further broaden the basis of the business, and altogether the 10s. shares of E.M.I. do not look dear at 18s. 9d.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £53,202,250

Total Income exceeds £10,300,690

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street

HOTELS

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3; Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—Clevedon Guest House, Magdalen Road. Tel. 2086. Nicely situated, with garden, near sea and shops. Good cooking. Assured quiet and comfort. From 3 guineas. Special Winter terms.

BRIGHTON (HOVE).—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL, First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawns. Comfortable residential hotel. LIFT. Central Heating, etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 guineas. Special residential terms.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Family and Commercial Hotel. Special Winter terms from 2 gns. per week. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

CALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60/-; Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 6059.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best."—3-4 gns. Winter, 2 gns.—Prop. Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-; Garden.

RYDE, I.O.W.—Royal Squadron Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3½ gns. 1 minute from Pier. Golf, tennis, bowls, and bathing. Cocktail bar. Fully licensed.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3; Pens., 6/- to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

LONDON.

ABSOLUTELY NEW Furnished one-room service flatlets, 5, Dawson Pl., Pembridge Sq., W.2. Tel.: Bay. 6066. Private bathroom—Cent. heating. S. 37/6, D. 50/- p.w., B. & B. 9/6 p.d. Also 21, Palace Ct., Baywater Rd., W.2. Tel.: Bay 3738. Concealed H. & C. water, gas fires, super divans, P.O. Phones all rooms, S. 27/6, D. 50/- p.w., B.B. & B. 7/6 p.d.

ALEXANDRA COURT Hotel, Finsbury Park, London, N.4. 100 Bedrooms, with H. & C. running water; excellent Cuisine. Ideal for permanent residence. New dance floor; large comfortable lounges. Terms: Bedroom, Breakfast and Dinner, from £2 to 2½ guineas per week; Bedroom and breakfast 5/6 per day, or from 30/- weekly. Resident Proprietors. Stamford Hill 4818.



"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

By wearing Poppies on Remembrance Day we keep green the memory of those who died. Of those that are left, thousands to-day are sadly handicapped by age, sickness, and the strain of the War years. Their need is the personal responsibility of each one of us.

Please help the British Legion to deal adequately with the increasing need of ex-service men and their families by giving more than ever before for your Poppies on

POPPY DAY
Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be thankfully received. These should be sent to the local Poppy Day Committee; or to Captain W. G. Wilcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL FUND, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7. Ladies willing to sell Poppies are asked to communicate with their local Poppy Day Committee, or with the Headquarters of the fund. Their help will be of the greatest value.

ART GALLERIES

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB. 88th EXHIBITION, SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES, 6½ Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. Daily, 10-5, Sats. included. 1s.

HOTELS

LONDON.

ATTRACTIVELY Furnished Service Flatlets. Every convenience. Meals optional. Near Bus, Tube and Park. Tel.: Baywater 0558. 15, Palace Court, W.2.

BERKSHIRE HOUSE HOTEL, 33 Guildford Street, Russell Square. Most central for business or pleasure. Bed-Sit. Room and Bkfst., 5/6. Weekly, 30/-; H. & C. Water all rooms. Central heating. Hol. 9031.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 330 Visitors. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 9/6.

CORA HOTEL, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 guests. Room, Bath, and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

"FOTHERINGAY," 17, Gordon street, W.C.1. Close Euston. Bed & Breakfast 5s. 6d. H. & C. in bedrooms. Mrs. Lacey. Tel.: Euston 3356.

GARTH HOTEL, 69, Gower Street, W.C.1. B. & B., 6/6; 2 guineas per week. Running H. & C. water in all rooms. Prop., "The Misses Evans." Phone: Museum 5761.

NEWLANDS HOTELS—(opposite Russell Square Tube Station)—47-48, Bernard St. W.C.1.—80 Bedrooms, H. & C. Water. R.B. & B., from 5/- per day; reduction weekly. Telephone: Terminus 5480.

AT 45 (PADD. 3961) & 48 (PADD. 8994).

NORFOLK SQUARE, HYDE PARK, W.2.—DIVAN ROOMS, in quiet square; newly decorated; all modern conveniences; service. Bed and Breakfast, from 30/- to £3 3/-; some private baths. One minute from bus, Tube, and Paddington Station.—Resident owners.

OXFORD CIRCUS, 5 mins.—SERVICE FLATLETS, Meals optional. Room and Breakfast, from 30/-. Running water all rooms.—Miss Wild, 10, Colosseum Terrace, Albany Street, N.W.1. Euston 3619.

PORTLAND RESIDENTIAL HOTEL, Portland Rise, Finsbury Park, N.4. Up-to-date in every respect. Weekly 35s. to 50s. Reduction sharing. Gardens, tennis, ping-pong, cards, dance-band. Reduced Garage rates. Parking ground free. Tubes, trams, buses City and West End. Send for brochure. Stamford Hill 3421. Also smartly furnished, fully serviced, Flatlets and Rooms.

SHAFTESBURY HOTEL, Great St. Andrew Street, W.C.2; 2 minutes Leicester Square Tube, 250 Bedrooms, H. & C. Water. Room, Bath, Breakfast, 7/6; Double, 13/6.

TAVISTOCK CLUB.—37-40, Tavistock square, W.C. Accom.: 83 Gentlemen Members. Room and Bkfst. 32/6 to 45/-; Full Board 2½ gns. to 3½ gns. Country Members 6/6 per night. H. & C. all rooms. Quiet and central.

W.C.1. 75, GOWER STREET. Beautifully apptd. house, very central. Bed and Bkfst. from 6s. 6d. Running water in all rooms. Prop.: Misses J. & C. L. Gardner. Tel.: Mus. 2141.

W.C.1. Nr. RUSSELL SQUARE.—Divans. Own Gas Cooker, Bath., Serv. 100 Rooms. Single, 15/-; Double, 41/- 12-17, Regent Square. Tel.: Ter. 4111.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

12 months 30/- (Postage included).

To the Publisher, "The Saturday Review,"
18/20, York Buildings, Adelphi, London,
W.C.2. Commencing on.....,
please send to me weekly "The Saturday
Review," for a period of months,
for which I enclose remittance for

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

ORDER TO NEWSAGENT

Name of Newsagent

Address

Commencing with next issue, please deliver
to me each week a copy of "The Saturday
Review," published at 6d.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE